I know you are mess... but you are my mess

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by lefemmerougensfw

Summary

One night, Sana Starros, the acclaimed smuggler, comes to a sketchy bar on some awful planet. She waits for hours and hours on end, and the person she came to meet never shows up! After she pays for her drinks and is about to leave, a person, whose face covered in a hood, speaks to her in a low tone, saying she needs to be "fair" to her clients. When this person uses Sana's full name, which she shouldn't have known, and threatens Sana at gunpoint, she is forced go with her to a private room. Once there, this mysterious figure reveals herself as none other than her "lost" love: a morally dubious woman who is classified as nothing less than an interstellar disaster, a woman she vowed that she would *never* see again. Sana's reason is overridden by her desires, something that this woman is more than happy to fulfill...

Notes

Good morning everyone! This fic fulfills the Sapphic Star Wars September prompts for: "Rogue" (Day 2), "Established Relationship" (Day 3), and "History" (i.e. that they *have* a history, Day 4), at the very least. It also fulfills the "it's complicated" (day 29) prompt for Sapphic September this year, "Day 19: treasure" prompt for Sapphic September 2025, and "space opera" (day 13) prompt for Sapphic September 2023. It is the third smutty Sana / Aphra (Sanaphra, as it is called here, or perhaps Chellstar) fic on here.

The last Sanaphra fic, on all of AO3 was by me, in February! People should write more because there are so many possible stories with that pairing. After all, the last smutty Sanaphra fic was published over 3,500 days ago, which is about nine years and seven months ago. That's far too long. People *need* to write more. Who wouldn't want to write about a character described, on the official Star Wars site as a "smuggler and swindler...[with] a reputation for no-nonsense business dealings that make even Han Solo blush...beneath [her]...hardened shell is a scoundrel with a heart, willing to risk her life for credits that will benefit those in need or join a band of rebels to overthrow the Empire"?

This story is inspired by fourteen fics. Among those are my two other fics with Sana ("Aphra, the Illustrious Rouge Redstar, and Those Damn Cylinder Heads" and "Reunited Again?: Huntrix, the Best Friend Squad, Sana the Scoundrel, and Rumi's Daring Decision"). Otherwise, this fic is loosely inspired by "A Dance Against Time" and "danger zone". Some of the fics, such as "The Dream Crown of Z'far Tum" and "Edges of the World" are restricted and can only be read on AO3. In addition, while I liked the short fifth chapter of "Sapphic Week 2023 Drabbles" (listed in inspirations), entitled "Magna/Sana/Aphra," it did not work

here, as Magna isn't a character. Even so, I'd love to do a fic of all three of them, as they are a canon couple at the end of the second Aphra series.

I wanted to end this fic more positively than most Sanaphra fics. My original title was "I Hate You. I Know You Do. That's Why You Love Me," which would have been fine, but I never used that line in the fic, so I chose the present title instead.

Comments and concrit are completely welcome. This was cross-posted on Squidge World. It will later be cross-posted on the Internet Archive and Adult Fanfiction.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by Moontyger
- Inspired by Aphra, the Illustrious Rouge Redstar, and Those Damn Cylinder Heads by lefemmerouge2
- Inspired by Reunited Again?: Huntrix, the Best Friend Squad, Sana the Scoundrel, and Rumi's Daring Decision by lefemmerouge
- Inspired by Sapphic Week 2023 Drabbles by Cherrydragon26
- Inspired by Aphra's Unsuccesfull Coming Out Story (And one time it was worth it) by Cherrydragon26
- Inspired by rock me in the cradle of our love by This_world_of_beautiful_monsters
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by glompcat
- Inspired by Burying the Past by weakinteraction
- Inspired by A Degree Of Separation (Or Two) by coarseCorsair
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by spookykingdomstarlight
- Inspired by A Dance Against Time by weakinteraction
- Inspired by Intermezzo: The Corellian Vacation From Hell by B_Radley
- Inspired by danger zone by akitania (spacehairdresser)
- Inspired by a bug in the works by perlaret
- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by aimmyarrowshigh

Sana did not want this to happen. She had actively avoided it. But *this woman* had bested her yet again. She *could not* resist her, as much as she wanted to. Her moans filled the room, getting progressively louder. She was falling apart at the seams. Any ideals she had were collapsing. The tongue between her legs felt so good. She couldn't stand it. To understand how she got here, you have to go back a few hours, to when she was trying to meet a client for a smuggling job, a client who had told her that she'd like to talk to her at a cheap, and increasingly seedy, bar. It was one of the worst hives of villainy and scum in the entire galaxy. Somehow it was free from intergalactic regulations, which didn't make sense, since those regulations covered almost everything.

Surely, she could have tried to meet her client at a nicer place or on a planet which wasn't so godawful and terrible, but you never choose where you meet people. Sitting in a booth in a place like this would have drawn a certain amount of unnecessary attention. She ordered some drinks. Hours went by. It was noisy and busy, with matches at the sabacc table over and over again. The results were almost always the same every single time. She could tell that the games were rigged. The person she was waiting for *never showed up*. After draining her glass, and the other one she had bought, she left her seat and paid at the bar. She was about to leave. She was lucky that she could hold her liquor. At that very moment, she was stopped. "You wouldn't leave before *your client* arrived, would you?"

This person was her client? She was confused. That couldn't right, could it? The person came closer and spoke to her in a low tone. No one could hear what she was saying. That was exactly the idea. "Now, now, Sana Starros. You can't skip out on me. You haven't even heard what I have to say...that isn't fair...and you want to be fair to your clients, don't you?" Hearing this made her hair stand on end. Who the hell did this person think they were? How did they even know her name? She hadn't listed that publicly! She didn't even have a chance to pull out her blaster, before the other person did, and holding it on her back, with a hand on the trigger. "Let's talk about all this *in private*. The last thing you'd want is to bring attention to yourself, missy, in a place like this, right? I mean, I can give you a *certain kind* of care, if you're up to it." Sana couldn't disagree with that. She didn't want to act suspiciously. That would be very bad. She was willing to entertain this, *for now*.

She followed this mysterious person into a back room. She then put her hands on her hips. She was determined to learn *why* this person had held her at gunpoint. What in the world was going on? "What do you want?" she demanded. The hood came off. She snarled when she saw the face. "Aphra?" The woman laughed as she typically did. This was all too much. She loved the expression on Sana's face. She was really enjoying herself this time. "It was such a damn trouble to find you. I had to put out a fake ad and everything. Such a hassle...Ugh." She was not happy about this development. She knew that Aphra had no real home but her ship, the *Ark Angel V*. She was different than other treasurer hunters. Even so, she'd take on almost any job if the money was right. That's just who she was.

She growled. She hated this. She wanted to leave. She wanted to get out of there. She didn't want to be around this walking, talking interstellar disaster. "If I knew it was you, I wouldn't have come at all," she said, with venom in her words. Hearing what Sana had to say, Aphra sighed. She had half expected to hear this from her. Even so, she had concocted this entire

charade just to see her. Part of her wished that they could have met in some nice bar, although that wasn't where she usually hung out, after all. She decided to tease her old, and perhaps new again, flame. "Aw. You're *so cute* when you're angry. I had to use a little deception...I don't want to give up on you...that..." Her voice trailed off as she stared deeply into Sana's eyes.

Sana put her head in her hands. She wouldn't admit it, but she had been missing her too, *a lot.* She knew that Aphra had a fly-by approach to *all* her relationships. That much was obvious. She had been impacted by that herself when at university, Aphra dropped her like a hot rock and didn't even tell her she was leaving. That continued to stick with her to this day. "Fine. Just don't do it again, ever," she insisted. Aphra nodded. She didn't want to lose this opportunity. She came in closer and suddenly wrapped her arms around Sana's waist, then rested her head on her shoulder. "I won't...I-I-I am just...worried about you, that's all," she said softly. Hearing her say these words surprised her a bit. She hadn't expected that this woman would tell her this, of all things. Her approach softened.

Without any warning, Aphra smooched her on the cheek. Sana rolled her eyes in response. Even so, she didn't put up a fuss about it. Maybe this was fine for a while, right? She let it go. She grinned. She wanted to get back at her. She snickered, then kissed Aphra on the cheek without a second thought. She continued to seethe with anger once again, this time over something more recent than their flirtation at University of Bar'leth. "That's for abandoning me on Erastus 9, you fuckin' nerf herder." Aphra put up her arms like she was surrendering. She knew that this scoundrel of a smuggler was right. She wouldn't deny it. "Okay! Okay! I shouldn't have done that. That was rotten of me to do to you." She twirled her hair and tried to act even more flirtatious. "Is there *something* I can do for you?"

She didn't know how to answer that question. The last time she had talked to her, she had cursed her out, saying she was done cleaning up all her messes. She demanded that Aphra never contact her ever again. Her feelings were all confused, or to be more exact, a tangled mess of complex emotions. There were old and unhealed wounds. They say that time heals wounds, although that wasn't the case for everything. It wasn't necessarily the case for her. "What is it...Aphra?," she said in a clearly annoyed tone. The broad came closer to her once more. She wasn't exactly sure how to ask her this. She didn't want to anger her again. "Will you...come with me? I mean you *still* love me, don't you?" Sana gritted her teeth. She hated when this woman said these kinds of things. She really did with all her heart.

"Get to the point," Sana said, still angry. She was incredibly suspicious. She didn't want to be jostled around. She was starting to get aggravated all over again. She didn't know what this 'Doctor' was really playing at. "I...just want us to have a fun time together...like we used to...can't we...for old times sake?," Aphra said. Sana wasn't sure about this, not at all. Aphra put her arms on both sides of Sana, pinning her in. She started to blush. Her brownish face became lighter brown in some areas. "Come on. You know miss it, don't you, *my sweet* Sana?" Even with that sweet talking, if you could call it that, she remained undecided. She was strongly principled. She was cutthroat, savvy, and efficient as a smuggler. She didn't mix well with others. She often liked to do her own thing.

Sana grumbled. She wanted to turn away from this. She wanted to flee and forget about this woman once and for all. She couldn't be liking this woman, right? She was bad news. Despite

all of that, she couldn't help herself, especially when Aphra was so damn close. Her heart was beating fast, more and more with every passing second. Aphra was so alluring, so beautiful, and so ravishing, as the artificial light illuminated her tanned face and features. She hated, *with a passion*, when people openly flaunted their relationships, partially because she wasn't in one herself. She kept thinking about how this woman was so infuriating! She hated her so much. She really did! Genuinely. At the same time, she felt a... certain way about her. She couldn't dismiss it or wave it away.

Almost unconsciously, she moved her face nearer to Aphra's, as her cheeks became warmer and warmer. "I know you are mess...but you are *my mess*," she said, speaking these words with all her heart. She placed her hands around Aphra's face and kissed her wholeheartedly. The archaeologist was frankly surprised and pleased at the very same time. She leaned into it and kissed her back. How could she not? Perhaps they both liked bad girls and perhaps they were dangerous for each other. One was a con artist and pirate who could boast, out-shoot, and outwit challenges from anyone in the entire galaxy. The other stole artifacts for profit. Neither one of them messed around. In that way, perhaps, they were meant for each other, on one level or another.

On the one hand, Sana wanted to move past her. Even so, she was vulnerable to those who flirted and teased her, including from Aphra, who she knew was a backstabbing hornswoggling double-crosser. She wanted a stable relationship more than anything. While she had her own personal red lines, on a certain level, she liked what this woman gave her. She couldn't deny that. Their lips remained locked together for a longer time than either one of them had planned, perhaps five minutes or maybe ten minutes. No one was counting how long it was. She still wasn't sure she could fully trust Aphra. Despite that, she was *down bad* for her in such a strong way. Their lips moved apart. "You are *so beautiful*, Sana. Let's continue this...*somewhere* more comfortable."

Sana knew exactly what she meant. She wanted to assert herself, even after had given in by kissing her. She rolled her eyes. "Fine. If we are gonna do this, it will be in one place in particular: my ship, the *Volt Cobra*...you know, one of the fastest in the entire galaxy." Aphra smiled. She was going to make a wise crack about how her ship was quicker but decided not to, this time. It wouldn't be worth it. "Okay. You are the boss." As they walked through the bar and out the door, no one paid them any mind. Sana's long locs swayed with her as she walked. Her lush brown skin shined in the outdoor light. They came close to her ship. "Chelli, welcome to my ship. No funny business," she said, using Aphra's first name for the first time that night. She was starting to be even more intimate.

Chelli put up her hand like she was pledging allegiance to some criminal organization. "I promise," she said, and then she added a caveat. "Just don't forget I'm a damn scoundrel through and through...and a determined one at that." Sana knew that all too well. In the past, she had called her a snakebitter, rogue woman, a walking ball of chaos, and many other dirty words. She had even bought a book filled with those words so she could use them when she got angry at Chelli. She had grown up on Nar Shaddaa, a planet filled with some of the worst scum in the galaxy, from crime lords to bounty hunters, slums to shanty towns. She could sense a bad deal when she saw it, or when she heard about it. People could be nice but still screw you up the backside. That's how it went.

She led Chelli into a private area, a bedroom that was set aside for guests, if she ever had any. As they walked inside the room together, Chelli could see how much Sana was glowing. She said, with all sincerity, "you are such a *brown-skinned beauty*...I..." Her words trailed off. She was completely and utterly speechless. She almost started to blush herself before holding back. She stared right into Sana's brown eyes. The anticipation was building inside of her. She could barely contain herself around someone who was so captivating. Despite that, she didn't want to scare her off or this would all be a waste. She couldn't let that happen. So, she was a bit lost. As for Sana, she couldn't stand waiting around anymore. "I don't mind sleeping with you. Come on, let's do it already," she boldly declared.

Chelli wasn't sure. Sana smirked at her. It sounded so tempting. She finally agreed. "Okay. Let's do it, then." She started taking off her clothes, piece by piece throwing them onto the floor in a messy pile. Sana proceeded to do the same. They both shared one characteristic with one another: they liked to *sleep naked*. They kissed one another once again, this time in a more sensual and deep way than before, in order to set the mood. Chelli shoved her tongue into Sana's mouth forcefully. Sana did the same in response. She pulled her head toward her in one rapid movement. Sometimes she saw herself as naive and other times she saw herself as an utter fool who should know better and not be so close to someone that she clearly knew was an utter disaster of a person. In that moment, it was a mix of both, or perhaps something else entirely. Their lips melded as their tongues explored each other's mouths. The sensation was growing inside of her.

Moments later, they both began moaning. As they kept going with such intensity, Sana was drawn closer and closer to Chelli. If she had any sense, she would have walked away and left. She wouldn't have let this happen. However, she was enjoying herself so much in that bed, that the pleasure that coursed through her body overrode any other thoughts she had. That was the effect this woman had on people. It wasn't just her, but any of the women within her wide array of ex-girlfriends and one-night stands. If all those women ever united together, they'd be an unstoppable force. Chelli wouldn't be able to fight against all of them. Even so, who knows, they might even fall to each other's whims, and such an alliance could fall apart.

As she saw it, for Chelli, bars and locks were a challenge to overcome. The same was the case for people's hearts. She made you want what she wanted. At times, she felt that she had to lock Chelli out of her heart to survive. Dating Chelli was one of her worst mistakes in her entire life, one of her life's errors. That was because this 'good doctor' was "bad news" through and through. She did not, by any stretch, play well with others. Why would she? Even so, she wanted to pull this woman nearer to herself, especially in a time like this. After all, she was still in love with with Chelli no matter what happened. She was a woman that surely had her faults but she was not a "total monster." She was just a disaster *on every single level*. That was abundantly obvious to anyone who had spent a lot of time with her.

Perhaps Sana had a terrible taste in women, like this rogue archaeologist, while she enjoyed telling wry yokes to anyone. It wasn't surprising for a bounty hunter to be drawn to someone who was morally dubious, someone who apologized for her mistakes in messages she never sent, messages that she had recorded and kept stored away, only to be sent out if she was incredibly desperate. She was disliked by so many across the galaxy, despite the fact she was not a bad person at heart, even though her morals were completely lacking. She had worked with the Galactic Empire, specifically in the employ of the one-and-only Darth Vader and the

notorious Emperor Palpatine. The former had tried to kill her multiple times, while she had called him her "boss" in the past.

In the present, Chelli couldn't get over Sana's stark beauty and how cute she looked. She ran her hand through Sana's lush brown hair, touching her locs. Her fingers weren't tangled. She was longing for more. There were no tacky or garish clothes to take off, or anything simple, elegant, and stylish either. They'd already done that. In that moment, she was drawn to her, especially with the red sunset outside the *Volt Cobra* illuminating her skin. She maneuvered herself so that Sana's thigh was between her legs and she started grinding against it. With their lips still locked together, her more-than-a-friend surprised her by unexpectedly moving her hands up her body, her thumbs brushing against her exposed nipples. As she started to moan, Sana moved her head away.

She blushed. "You are so cute. Come here and show me *how rogue* you can be," the smuggler teased. Through her heavy breaths, she said, "you can explore *my treasure* next." Chelli was up to the task. She moved herself around so that she was in just the right position. Her mouth was at the ready. She planted kisses across the brown-skinned arms, ears, body, and chest of a woman she so deeply loved. She wanted to explore every inch of her body, as her mouth brushed against it with so much feeling. Sana wanted to get back at her, to make it clear that she wasn't some submissive broad. She moved her fingers crooked, and upwards, inside of Chelli, since she wasn't grinding against her leg anymore. For the second time that night, Chelli moaned. She wasn't done yet.

As she pulled Sana's legs apart, her over-eager tongue prepared for what came next. In one motion, she moved in on the smuggler like a hungry lion. She sucked on her tunnel of love with all the force in her body. She wanted to show her that she cared about her. All Sana could say back was "*Damn you, Chelli*, damn you." She cried out. She moaned so loudly it reverberated across the room. She was enjoying this so much more than she had thought. If she had looked over, she would have seen the face of her old, or perhaps new, flame, who was moaning as well. She didn't. Instead, her head was moving backwards as she felt incredible euphoria. The sensations were all too much. She could barely hold it all in. She hadn't felt this way for a while.

She wanted to see Chelli *cheerful* or even joyous. Some might have said that the wires in her brain had been crossed and tangled in such a way that they were stuck in their current position, making it nearly impossible get them to become 'normal' again. She liked to see her girl, or as she should accurately call her, her woman, beaming about anything that *didn't involve* blood or blowing something up. That was a good day for her. That night, Chelli was acting like a virtuoso who was playing her instrument, an instrument that was Sana herself. She didn't push back against her, not this time. She had no intention to. This was as glorious as either one of them had wanted. Chelli's mouth was as sharp as her shooting skills. She couldn't resist the sensations. As much as she wanted to deny it, she *needed* this, so much.

There were a complicated mess of hormones and schemes spread between both of them. With the 'good' doctor exploring her innermost special place with her tongue, grabbing a hold of what she saw as her treasure, not to be claimed by anyone else, she couldn't keep her desires bubbling within her inside much longer. There was no crescendo or anything like that. Even so, her love juices still squirted out with such force onto face of a woman she had declared

would never best her again no matter the circumstances. Her vow had been smashed apart into a thousand pieces and scattered to the wind. Still feeling aroused, the archaeologist wanted to keep going, while Sana's fingers continued to explore her tunnel of love so gingerly, although not as aggressive as what she had done.

The woman who was her old flame, but could be her flame once more, whispered into her ear. "You won't regret this, *I promise you*." She knew better than to trust what a rapscallion like this rogue archaeologist said to her. She had made all sorts of flimsy, empty commitments in the past. In that moment, pleasure overrode those memories. With Chelli moving up from her place of desire, she began breathing on her chest. It felt a certain way, not just from the warmth, but a level of care, something she didn't always associate with that woman. At the same time, it was incredibly embarrassing. She felt the same mix of frustration, love, hate, and fear that she did every single time she saw her. Chelli held such a power over her heart. She couldn't break free from it, no matter how much she tried.

While she wouldn't admit it openly, she couldn't deny that in that moment, Chelli looked absolutely stunning. Her crisp electro tattoo wound around her right arm. No one else would ever, in a million years, put up with the bullshit that each of them had done to one another. They both had broken hearts and had caused each other years of pain and hurt. It had led to so many nasty fights that they couldn't even remember all of them or what the venom they had spewed at each other. As time had gone on, they'd come to an understanding, as strange as it might sound. Maybe it was all worth it in the end. "You know *you love it*," the archaeologist said. Sana wanted to deny what she was saying. She couldn't help herself but shout out a reply as she attempted to defend herself from this obvious beauty.

"I do not!" she exclaimed. Seconds later, Chelli began sucking on her left tit, then massaged the other, while running her other hand down her sides of her body, touching her bare skin so gently. Maybe this woman would be her doom. Whether that was true or not, one thing was clear: she had found common ground with her. The Nar Shaddaa native began to moan once more, as she felt herself falling even further toward a woman that she had dedicated herself to staying stay away from due to their troubled past. She was far too alluring for that to even be a possibility. She just couldn't resist her. She felt her heart rate raising once again and beating even faster. Chelli let out a muffled groan from what Sana had been doing to her all this entire time. They both moaned together for the second time that night, relishing the heat that came rushing between them. It was something familiar, reliable, and dependable. No matter what they did to each other, they knew what each one of them wanted in the end.

Maybe they were going down a dangerous path. However, they were going down that path *together*. They both released at the same time and felt a sense of relief. They were utterly exhausted. Despite all their squabbling, they were, in one way or another, there for each other. Some would say that wasn't possible, since Chelli had believed, in the past, that a happy future wasn't in the cards for her. When push came to shove, they would rebuff such claims and make clear that they cared about one another. "You were *so amazing* tonight, Sana," the archaeologist said, softly. To her surprise, the smuggler smooched her on the cheek, only moments later. It was such a soft sound that she could tell that her defenses had been incredibly weakened, compared to when they met in the seedy bar that night. She kissed her back, leaving a peck on her cheek. "And you too, Chelli," Sana said. She paused for a

second, licking her lips. "I...did...love it...," the smuggler admitted. Chelli smiled. "I *know* you did."

As the night wore on, Sana and Chelli laid side-by-side and chatted away. Sana ran her fingers through the hair of the woman she clearly loved. More than once she went down and kissed this woman's temple and stared longingly into her dark eyes. Her beloved archaeologist, as she should be calling her rather than anything else, did the same, touching her face and giving her a quick kiss on the cheek. As much as they fought, they couldn't deny the attraction between them. That was abundantly clear despite all the loads of toxicity and fury each one foisted on one another from time to time. That night, they slept with their arms around one another. Whether there were tears or arguments in the days that followed, what came next, would be up to them, with a bright future ahead.

End Notes

I started this story in the early evening on August 4th. I wrote 1,706 words that day. The first draft was completed on August 5th at over 2,800 words. After learning that the average of 15 of the 18 Sanaphra fics, excluding two multi-chapter fics (one is 10 chapters and one is 56 chapters) and a fic that is zero words (it's fanart), is 3,135 words, I decided to work on the fic a bit more. I aimed for that number rather than the larger number, if averaged among the three Sanaphra mature fics, which is 4,381 words if a multi-chapter fic (56 chapters long) is excluded. The second draft came in at over 3,500 words. Perhaps a future Sanaphra fic will be longer. Through a search on AO3, I found there are only two other smutty Sanaphra fics: "Burying the Past" by weakinteraction and "A Degree Of Separation (Or Two)" by coarseCorsair. All five chapters of the former, a beautiful and amazing story by the way (with a lot of Sanaphra angst) are inspirations for this fic, as are both chapters of the latter fic. Both of those fics are rated as mature, not explicit.

Other inspirations include chapters one ("Escape from Reality"), two ("Escape from the Everyday"), three ("Escape from a Star"), five ("The Hook"), ten ("Aphra Saves the Day") of "Intermezzo: The Corellian Vacation From Hell" by B_Radley, which is arguably on the line of being smutty between Sana and Chelli (which could be, partially, why it was rated as mature). That came out in December 2017.

In addition, this fic is inspired by chapter 4 ("The Treasure Hunter") of "The Dream Crown of Z'far Tum", chapter 3 ("Sana/Aphra") of "Sapphic Week 2023 Drabbles", chapter 18 ("Locked") of "rock me in the cradle of our love", and chapters 28, 32, 44 and 55 of "Edges of the World".

During some AO3 searches, I came across a fic where Chelli eats out Padmé (she survives somehow). What is weird is that Darth Vader just hanging out in the same room, holding her. Anyway, considering that I've written some fics with Padmé and Zam Wesell (Zadme), particularly "The Masked Assailant, Padmé, and What it Means to be a Senator" and "Zam Tops the Vaulted Senator from Naboo," I may write one of Padmé and Chelli together.

As it currently stands, the most popular relationship for Chelli on AO3 is her ship with Darth Vader. The fics shipping her and Magna are only one fic behind. So, I may write a fic with her and Magna, as they have multiple sex scenes in the comics. To be honest, I would say that people should *stop* writing fics with Chelli and Darth Vader together romantically. Chelli is a flaming lesbian, and Vader is really awful toward her, akin to an abusive/controlling boss. The only way I'd say it would work is if Vader is female, as I did in one of my fics, on another account.

If any of the authors of the fics listed in the inspirations would like their fics removed, I am fine with doing so. Just leave a comment on this fic. I say this because I had one fic I added as an inspiration on a story on this account before and the writer was not happy with being added to the inspirations due to the fic's content. So, I don't want a situation like that to arise again.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!